day (and this certainly was the most dramatic of the many dramatic occurrences of the war), the little ironclad *Monitor*, under Captain Worden, steamed into Hampton Roads. She was an experiment indeed; she presented no sides, no bulwarkn, to the missiles of her foes; there was nothing but an iron-plated deck, level with the water, and on it revolved an iron turret containing two formidable guns. She had narrowly escaped foundering at sen, so imperfectly adapted was she for rough weather. But she did escape, and she arrived just in time. On Sunday morning, when the *Merrim&v* steamed out of Norfolk, confident of destroying the other United States frigates in the Roads, and wns headed towards the *Minnesota*, she was tackled by the little *.Ahmitor**

For two hours and more these iron-clad nhijw pounded each other. At timon the *Mwrlinw!* was able to send her shot into the *Mınn&$ot&,* which was aground, doing her considerable, but not fatal, hnrm, and receiving from her her full hroad.side, which rebounded from the sloping iron roof and BtcleB of the *Merrimac* without inflicting the nlightent injury.

Towards the end of the action the pilothoimi* of the *Monitor* was struck, and Worden wan badly hurt But after a brief delay the venae!

returned to the fight, and shortly afterwards the *Mwrinuw* retired to Norfolk.

Neither the *M&rri'Mac* nor the *Monitor* ww* Heriously injured. But it was sufficiently plain that neither was sure of being more than a mutch for the other.' There was evidently a good deal of allowance to be made for accident in the next encounter.